

RESTORATION

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Priest On Fire Comes Through The Blue Door

By Catherine de Hueck

My thoughts are still on gratitude. DIGNUM ET JUSTUM EST! For some reason hard to define, they turn to a priest, now dead, who walked into Friendship House, through the Blue Door, on a blustery, dark March day in the early thirties.

He was young. There was about him a flame. I know, it is a strange way to talk about any one, but that was the impression he created. Zeal . . . understanding . . . eagerness to be about His Father's business . . . and a love of souls that shone through every word he said . . . all these add up to the word — FLAME. Perhaps I mean FIRE . . . THE FIRE THAT RENEWS THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

Not Yet Sure

We most assuredly needed such fire on that blustery dark March day of long ago. The day marked the end of the first half year, or so, of our first foundation. Our souls were filled with darkness, and with a storm of doubts and temptation against that strange new vocation with which we were pregnant.

True. We were feeding the hungry . . . clothing the naked . . . etc. But the needs of our brothers-in-Christ were overwhelming us! The weight of ridicule, and spoken as well as unspoken disapproval in high places, was crushing us! No one, it seemed, except our saintly bishop, understood, even dimly, what it was we were trying TO BE before the Lord, and TO DO for Him!

Our ADVENT was indeed dark . . . when the fiery priest walked in through the door painted blue in honor of Our Lady . . . bearer of Light . . . Warmth . . . and Truth . . . and lover of the FLAME AND FIRE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

Enter Dom Virgil

His name was Dom Virgil Michael. He was a Benedictine monk from the now celebrated Abbey of Collegeville, Minnesota . . . the heart of the Liturgical Movement today in the North American Continent, the beats of which were then just beginning to be heard.

How does one begin to voice gratitude? How does one begin to thank another human being for opening eyes that were yet partially sealed . . . and for giving us postulants and novices in the then unknown novitiate of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action, the VISION OF ITS WHOLE?

How can one even try to begin to put into words, our thanks for his showing us THE WHOLE CHRIST, unmaimed by compromise, untouched by fear of human respect, and demanding of those who wish truly to possess Him . . . an utter DEDICATION . . . a burning LOVE . . . perfect OBEDI-

ENCE . . . an ACCEPTANCE of His Cross . . . joyous unflinching . . . and a STABILITY rooted in all this?

A Tame Word—Thanks

How indeed does one go about thanking A PRIEST OF GOD for all these? Yet he did not stop there, but lavishly fed us with THE BREAD OF TRUTH AND THE WINE OF LOVE that were within him. He went on — illuminating the darkness of our weary minds and leading us INTO DEPTHS— INTO THAT VISION OF THE WHOLE that is born of the VISION OF THE WHOLE UNMAIMED CHRIST!

That vision began with MASS. Only there, he said, could we find THE WHOLE CHRIST.

Then . . . slowly, majestically, before our unsealed eyes (it seemed as if he were mixing the spittle of his words with the clay of his burning charity and unsealing our blindness with it) unrolled the whole Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action, as applied first to our BEING before the Lord.

Empty chalices that we were — we had first to be filled by Him in the Mass.

The Mass! Sacrifice and Sacrament! Food and Drink! Sea of Fire to plunge into . . . and become, oneself, a fire! Bridal Chamber . . . where the Bride, the soul of man, enters to become one with the Bridegroom — CHRIST!

The fecundity of MASS! ITE MISSA EST. GO—LIVE THE MASS . . . AND YOU WILL RESTORE THE SOCIAL ORDER . . . THE WORLD . . . (BEGINNING WITH YOURSELF) . . . TO CHRIST!

That's Your Calling

That is the soul of the Apostolate. That is your soul. THAT IS YOUR VOCATION. Be steadfast, persevere in it . . . AND HE WILL USE YOU TO RENEW, INDEED, THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

You will become pregnant with Him . . . give Him birth . . . allow Him to grow in you to His full stature, through all this process of His growth IN YOU . . . AND YOUR CORRESPONDING DEATH-TO-SELF! You will be His hands . . . His feet . . . His eyes . . . His voice . . . His heart!

HE WILL WALK THE EARTH AGAIN — IN YOU! FOR THIS IS THE HOUR OF THE LAITY!

Yes. A young Benedictine Priest said all this in the early thirties of our hope-

less century, in the shabby store-front of a big city slum, to a small and insignificant group of lay people who were crushed by the darkness of misunderstanding . . . ridicule . . . and inner doubts . . . and who did not know which turn to take in that fearsome first cross-roads of their destiny!

Years later . . . in 1951 . . . kneeling at the feet of the Father of Christendom, I heard the same words repeated by Him. His last sentence seemed to echo and re-echo in the vast room where our interview took place. And for a split second they seemed to blend with the vibrant voice of the Benedictine now dead many years, as men count time.



One heart and one soul

Hour of The Laity

"THIS IS THE HOUR OF THE LAITY . . . PERSEVERE . . . BE STEADFAST AND YOU SHALL RENEW THE FACE OF THE EARTH . . . GOD NEEDS YOU . . . THE CHURCH NEEDS YOU . . . WE NEED YOU."

Dom Virgil Michael . . . we of Friendship House cannot truly thank you. THE WHOLE CHRIST, WHOM YOU POSSESS NOW IN THE FULLNESS OF THE REALITY OF YOUR BEING DOES THAT FOR US!

All we can say to you . . . must be said slowly . . . day by day . . . hour by hour . . . minute by minute . . . second by second. It must be said by our lives. Our thanks must be INCARNATED IN THEM. For without your fire . . . THERE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN A FRIENDSHIP HOUSE AT ALL!

Father Virgil Michael, I . . . who am the only one of us left who heard your living voice . . . GIVE YOU MY LIFE IN THE APOSTOLATE OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, IN TOKEN OF MY INEX- PRESSIBLE GRATITUDE.

(Continued on Page Three)

Madonna House Plans A Chapel To Our Lady

Madonna House has no money. It has plenty of debts, and not much credit. But it has the permission and the blessing of the parish priest, the Rev. A. P. Dwyer, and of the Most Rev. W. J. Smith of Pembroke, the bishop of the diocese; and so it will soon begin to erect a chapel dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady!

We hope to have it finished . . . and dedicated . . . by December 8th, the day of her great feast.

We Love The Church

We have a new parish church in Combermere, the Church of the Sacred Heart. It is a beautiful building, and we love it much. Yet we must have a chapel of our own, adjoining the library of Madonna House.

We have many people here now. We shall have many more. Our Lady sends us people from many far-off places. Blessed Martin sends us some too. So does the Holy Servant of God, Matt Talbot. So does St. Therese, "the little flower."

There are young people among us who burn with zeal. They go to the church three or four times a day. Some of them spend a few minutes, or even a few hours, before the Tabernacle, in the silence of the night, preparatory to going to their beds.

And there are people among us who cannot walk the short distance from Madonna House to the church, because of various difficulties, especially on days when the snow is deep, or the road is sheathed with ice, or the wind is too bitter, or the rain is too fierce and steady.

We Need Many Things

We need a number of new buildings on these holy acres. We need at least two extra dormitories. We need an addition to the kitchen. We need a real garage—for many visitors come here in their motors, and we have no place to house their cars. But what we need most is the chapel of the Immaculate Conception.

We live for God and His beautiful mother. We live only for God and Mary. We want to live closer to them—in a manner of speaking—than we do. We want to be able to slip, unobserved, at times, into the quiet of a chapel, and talk to Mary, or her Father, or her Son, or maybe to her Holy Spouse—and perhaps to a favorite saint also, and maybe an angel or two. We want to be able to adore Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all night long, at times, in our own home . . . in thanksgiving, in petition, in reparation, and in our effort to restore all things to Christ.

We will find added strength in the chapel, for our daily chores, added fervor for our praying hearts, added wisdom for our studying and teaching minds.

We shall begin to dig the foundation for the chapel as soon as the weather gives us its gracious permission . . . as soon as the frost goes out of the ground . . . probably late this month, or early in May.

Perhaps In May

Perhaps it would be best to wait until May, Our Lady's own month.

And we shall start a "Mary's Chapel Fund," even before we start to dig. You are invited to share in our joy and our prayers in this beautiful adventure, in this blessed way of honoring the Immaculate Conception.

The chapel will be a prayer said by many. It will be a prayer said with shovels, with tools, with bulldozers and trucks, with stone and brick and cement and lumber and nails and plaster and pennies and dimes and dollars. It will be a prayer said with ordinary building materials, and with such other things as chalices, monstrances, tabernacles, vestments, altars, statues, pictures, and Stations of the Cross.

It will be . . . you might say . . . also a bouquet of flowers that will never lose its fragrance . . . even if the chapel should be burned or bombed, or be turned into a barracks for some atheistic army of invasion.

We Gather A Garland

Every spadeful of earth taken from the ground to make the foundation will be offered Mary, as a flower in that everlasting nosegay—for the spade will be wielded with great love. Every stone and brick in the structure, every bit of wood and other material, will be a flower, enduring in Our Lady's love forever and forever and forever. And every coin and every bank note and every cheque sent to us for the fund, will be another violet, another rose, another dahlia, another chrysanthemum, another lily, in the corsage that will forever be worn pinned to the blue brocaded mantle of the Immaculate.

The names of those who help to build the chapel, with their hands and their hearts, and with their pennies and their dollars, will be written into the fund . . . and into the loving and never-forgetting heart of Mary, the mother of us all.

It is holy ground in which we shall dig. The Jesuit missionaries walked through here, several hundred years ago. Or so old legends say.

(Continued on Page Four)

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

April . . . the month of shy blooming of little hidden flowers . . . of slow greening of fields and trees!

April . . . the month of hope, that holds in its young womb the promise of things yet unseen, enclosed in the unopened buds of faith, warmed by the sun of love.

April . . . the month of two flaming saints our gray mediocrity needs so much today. **THE MAID AND THE KNIGHT** . . . St. Catherine of Sienna and St. George.

St. Catherine of Sienna! Her name is music. A woman with the face of a child, and the heart of God!

Maid . . . so in love with love . . . that **LOVE WAS YOUR ONLY FOOD** . . . give us children of modern twilights . . . the light of your burning charity. Give us . . . heirs of fears uncounted and untold . . . your fearlessness. Give us . . . prisoners of a thousand idols, all monstrosities begotten by Mammon . . . your crystal-clear, your limpid simplicity, that goes straight to the Heart of Love **WHO IS GOD**.

We need them, Maid of Sienna; defender of the Church . . . His Bride; stenographer of God . . . woman who heard, even as Moses did, the voice of the **FATHER** . . . knew the love of the Son . . . and walked under the immense spread of the Crimson Dove, The Holy Ghost!

We need you today as never before. It is only with the help of saints like you, that we may stumble out of our stupefying darkness, and become children of His blinding light . . . ready to face, across the ever-widening abyss of our tragic days . . . the army of darkness which you once faced and conquered single handed!

St. George, knight and martyr . . . patron saint of armies . . . conqueror of the dragon . . . come riding to us on your white steed . . . with the lance of faith and love held high.

We have forgotten how to love well.

Our faith is smothered in a thousand unessential devotions . . . which we hold on to. We are too afraid to see the true sign of faith . . . **THE NAKED CROSS**. We might have to lie on it!

St. George . . . martyr and lover . . . teach us love of **LOVE WHO IS GOD** . . . that we may have your courage to so live that we may die to self.

Unless we learn this lesson now, while we still have a little time, we shall have to beg you to teach us how to die for God, even as you did in martyrdom.

But well you know, my flaming saints, that we cannot love well, or die well, unless our grey lives take on the color of the Flaming Light that is the Holy Ghost . . . which alone can light the darkness of our world.

St. George, give us the lance of Faith, that we may slay the ever-reborn dragons.

St. Catherine, give us your heart of burning love, that we too may love Love!

St. George . . . St. Catherine . . . pray for us.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Two letters trouble my days and nights. One is from a friend in Michigan, writing about a girl who submitted a novel to a publisher. "They said if she put some sex into it," the letter reads, "they would consider buying the manuscript. She is rewriting it."

The other is from a friend in Boston, commenting on my story about Father Pat Dwyer, and St. John Bosco's statement that "a priest takes many people with him to heaven or to hell."

Only The Saints

"Some months ago," he writes, "the archbishop said of priests that only those would be successful who were saints. Now you must write an article that will make us squirm, and that will burn into our consciences the fact that we neglect to pray for our priests, living and dead. 'Of all those who die, a priest is soonest forgotten.' When you think of the sacrifices they make for souls and the unselfish lives they lead — produce an article, I implore you, that will make up pray for them, the living and the dead."

I think of Christ looking at the world — or at least that part of it I love most — and wondering whether to smash it or not, to make its proud cities crumble, to scorch it with fire, to drown it in blood, to make it the wilderness it was five hundred years ago, or to give it another chance!

We Gotta Eat

What does He see, I wonder? And I think, guiltily, that perhaps I know too well. I think He sees a people too comfortable to kneel, too well-off to bother about God, too bent on their own ends to listen to God's Mother, or to heed her warning that they must pray and do penance, or perish.

I think He sees millions of smug Catholics — people who go to church on Sunday, listen apathetically to a sermon, if there is one (though probably there isn't), then waddle out to their autos and hurry home to the really important part of the day, the big dinner, the reading of the funnies, and the lazy looking and listening to the television and the radio.

I think He sees millions of Catholics who pray to Him, in their own fashion, while at church . . . and who insult Him as soon as they come back into the street, calling Him a dirty kike, or a lousy dinge, or an ignorant damn wop or bohunk.

I think he sees priests and bishops who are not exactly saints; who go in more for business and the social life than they do for sanctity — sanctity's so old-fashioned, don't you realize? — and who will not die of work.

It Saddens Him

I think this saddens Him more than does the sight of all the ignorant and biased and smug and indolent and mediocre and slack and complaisant and hypocritical lay people. For priests are dear to Him. They are Other Christs. And if they do not love and lead their flocks as Christ led His — if they lack Christ's fire and zeal and tenderness and fierce protectiveness of the little ones — they are a mockery to themselves and to Him. And He will not be mocked!

Does He weep, looking over the United States and Can-

ada, as He wept over Jerusalem, the city He so greatly loved? Will He spare these countries?

Why should He spare a people who make gods of Business, Sports, Luxuries, Comforts, Ease, Political Pull, the Five-day Week and the Eight-hour Day . . . and who have forgotten God, or have decided not to bother about Him, or who pretend not to believe in Him? (He who forgets God begets his own self-destruction!)

Blood Or Grace?

Why shouldn't He bring the tops of their skyscrapers down upon them, and the blasted pieces of their subway systems up through their streets? Why shouldn't He use flood or fire or famine or germ warfare or wholesale murder from the stratosphere? In their last moments, millions will cry out "Jesus, mercy!" Thus He may snatch them from the hell they are so methodically and efficiently building for themselves.

But there is another way He could bring Himself to their attention . . . perhaps.

He could use the bishops and the priests of the continent to make real Catholics, real lovers of God, of all the indifferent and tepid. And He could use the lay apostles to aid the priests and bishops in this task.

I keep thinking the archbishop spoke the bitter truth. Priests can be successful only if they are saints. Lay apostles can be successful only if they also are saints.

In a world gone gooey with the need of streamlined cars, new and better gimmicks, tinted tiles for the bathroom, padded kneelers for the church pews, bigger stadia for Catholic colleges and universities, and bigger jails for delinquent children, Catholics must stand apart, lay or religious.

Call For Saints

In a world full of dirty books, and dirty writers, and dirty peddlers, and dirty philosophers and teachers, Catholics, lay and religious, **MUST** become saints!

If this continent does not produce saints soon, and in these days of comparative peace, then it will produce a myriad of martyrs. Soon! That is what I keep thinking. If Christ cannot force us, through His goodness and His constant care, to love Him fervently during our lives, He can force us, in our dying moments, to seek His mercy.

What matters to Him is not our bodies but our souls. He still thirsts for our souls — even for those who write dirty books for money. Must He get them by force and terror? Or shall we give them to Him, voluntarily, eagerly, gladly, while we may?

Assuredly we must pray for priests, especially those still alive. We no longer pretend, we Catholics who read the newspapers, that all our priests are saints. We must indeed help them, with our prayers, to become saints.

Otherwise, I keep thinking, we shall perish with them.

The B's Corner

Growth in the Apostolate is a strange sight. I am beholding it now. Nearly six years ago we began this branch of Friendship House, which we named after our Lady. There were just three of us. Eddie, Flewie, and I. The house seemed very big. We started, as usual, with the corporal works of mercy . . . nursing the sick . . . a clothing center that had much room in our basement . . . and a tiny library of some few hundred books to go out clear across Canada . . . lending library style.

Our filing system in those days took up but one little filling case. And Restoration, our monthly paper, had a hundred or so subscriptions. That was in May, 1947.

Then And Now

Today we have five staff workers and seven staff worker applicants in their probationary period. Madonna House children — buildings, I mean — read like a litany of saints . . . St. Peter, St. Veronica, St. Martha, St. Catherine of Sienna, Blessed Martin De Porres, and St. Joseph.

Then there are pigsties, chicken coops, woodsheds, tool sheds, and what have you? The Catholic Lending Library has four thousand of the best books, and there are over four hundred subscribers to it. Restoration numbers its subscribers at over two thousand. Its office work occupies a whole new floor space in St. Martha's. While the clothing center uses all the basement. Three nurses are available to the sick of the community, and a dispensary and first-aid service is well organized.

Growth is like that when it is rooted in the Lord. Yet growth of this kind is never static. It is dynamic. And as I write, I face its dynamism. And facing it, I ponder.

A small summer school of Catholic Action lasting six weeks attracted a few in 1948-49. In 1952, **FOUR HUNDRED PEOPLE PASSED THROUGH IT!** We work in the rural apostolate here . . . or so we think. But the Lord thinks His thoughts, and they are not ours. Gently His hands and will direct our steps into many paths.

The Star of Mary

Slowly, gradually, imperceptibly, **MADONNA HOUSE** has attracted more and more visitors. To it they come from afar . . . perhaps following the Star of Mary, the Mother of men, the Directress of this house.

Be it as it may — I face a strange dilemma . . . question . . . problem . . . call it what you will. A chapel is becoming imperative. St. Christopher whispers he would like a large house built for those he will send us. Space is needed for priests, who come in ever-increasing numbers. A garage . . . a three door one . . . must be built for trucks and cars . . . ours and guests'. It will be many things in one. An upstairs dormitory over it will house male staff workers. There will be room for a workshop in the garage itself. A laundry must go into its basement.

BUILDING, BUILDING, BUILDING . . . is the refrain of the song of growth in the Lord for us.

Building how? With what? We are broke. Stony broke. True, we always have been broke . . . for twenty-two years. Yet we have six

(Continued on Page Three)

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

houses in the U.S.A. and one in Canada, thus far, to show that what men call insolvency . . . is solvency to the Lord of Creation.

Who Follow Him

Our "solvency" is based on utter trust in His Divine Providence, and in utter abandonment to His loving care of all those who . . . "selling all that they possessed, took up their cross, and followed Him."

Yet He also bade us, clearly and forcibly, to be beggars. **ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE . . . KNOCK AND IT SHALL BE OPENED TO YOU.** This saying of His works both ways . . . toward Him . . . in prayer . . . toward our neighbor in simple, direct, humble begging. How else will our neighbor save his soul unless he gives of his substance to the poor of Christ. Knowing we are but hands that receive what our neighbor gives . . . to give it away to Christ in His poor again . . . we give and take in utter Faith.

THAT IS WHY YOU WILL RECEIVE A BEGGING LETTER THIS MONTH. PLEASE READ IT. WE BEG NOT ONLY MONEY TO BUILD PREMISES THAT WILL FEED SOULS HUNGRY FOR GOD . . . WE BEG ALSO FOR MONEY TO USE DIRECTLY FOR THOSE IN NEED OF SO MANY NECESSITIES OF LIFE!

WE CANNOT EVEN BEGIN TO SING FOR YOU THE DIRGE, TRAGIC AND BLEAK, OF HUMAN NEEDS AROUND US . . . YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE OUR WORDS FOR IT.

ONE MORE THING WE CAN ADD. A CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT, GOING OVER OUR BOOKS, ONCE REMARKED THAT OUT OF EACH DONATED DOLLAR . . . NINETY-SEVEN CENTS WENT TO THE NEEDY . . . AND THREE CENTS FOR OUR OWN UPKEEP. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS.

So behold us, simply, humbly, persistently, in faith, knocking at the doors of your hearts . . . beggars for His lost, forgotten, lonely, tired, and hungry ones.

We stand in need of everything. **MONEY . . . SECOND-HAND CLOTHING . . . CATHOLIC BOOKS . . . RELIGIOUS ARTICLES . . . VESTMENTS FOR THE CHAPEL, AND FURNISHINGS FOR IT . . . PAMPHLETS . . . A PIANO . . . FURNITURE . . . BEDDING . . . MEDICAL SAMPLES . . . MORE MONEY . . . GAMES . . . ESPECIALLY BASEBALL MITTS . . . BATS . . . BALLS . . . AND THEN MONEY AGAIN.**

FOR HIS SAKE . . . FOR LOVE'S SAKE . . . PLEASE!

You Are Guilty

By Lorraine Fecteau

You watch the judge prop his elbows on the polished mahogany bench and lean forward. His action expresses more boredom than curiosity about the fat little girl standing before him. They were always before him, these kids. You guess he's used to them. You guess he doesn't like kids much.

The girl stares back. But her awkward posture gives the lie to the indifference on her face. You notice it's an old face for so young a body.

What has made it so hard, you wonder? You look at her face again. It seems familiar but you can't quite place it. How can a face look so lost and yet so familiar?

She Robs A Cop's House

The judge is talking. His voice seems tired and expressionless. You suppose he must have kids of his own. Does he speak to them the same way? Or does he love them? "House-breaking is a serious offense, young lady. But you were rather foolish, weren't you? Of all the houses in the neighborhood, you had to pick the house of a policeman!—this officer here."

She's a burglar? That fat little girl?

"It just happens I don't like coppers," you hear her reply. "Especially this one." The man at her side smooths his uniform and improves his stance. (Or does he squirm?) You feel like squirming too at the bitterness in her voice.

"How old are you?" the judge asks. "I'm twelve." The girl turns in annoyance to the woman sitting a few feet away. "Aw, Maw! What's there to cry about? You're always crying!" You sit back in your chair and only half hear the judge giving his well-memorized little talk. This girl . . . the way her face flushes . . . Yes! The flushed face. It's coming back now.

You noticed her first, some years ago. In a park. She was playing baseball with other kids. Yes! That's it! Someone hit a fly ball in her direction. She ran to catch it eagerly, too eagerly. She stumbled and missed it. Clumsily she picked herself up and stood with clenched fists, facing the childish cruelty of, "Fatty! Fatty! You couldn't even catch a cold! You're too fat."

You remember something twisted inside you as you saw the pain and shame in her eyes. You remember feeling a sudden impulse to put your arms around the kid and . . . She ran away.

She Is Changed

She won't run away now. She can't. And even if she could, you don't think she would. Not now. She isn't ashamed now. She's different. The flushed face has fight in it. The voice is proud and insolent. Her answers are short. She doesn't try to explain anything, or to hide anything. You wonder what could have caused such a change.

Something else seems to be forcing itself into your memory. You've seen her more than once. Where? On the street? In a store? In a restaurant? Yes. A little restaurant on the south side. Sure. She's the fat little girl who was always there with a couple of odd-looking boys. You remember the boisterous and suggestive laughter that came from that back booth. You remember the bright eyes, the moist, impudent lips, the furtive whispers and the excited grins.

You remember the slovenly, middle-aged man who stormed drunkenly into the restaurant, grabbed the girl by her chubby red hand and forced her away. Yes! You remember that distinctly because the juke-box was crying "Oh, Daddy! Oh, Daddy!" and you sensed the irony of the situation. Here was a daddy who certainly DIDN'T love.

That's why she is so brassy and bold! She must be glad she's in trouble because it hurts her parents.

She wants to hurt them—to punish them for their abuse and neglect. You're beginning to understand a lot of things now. This hard and almost impenetrable wall that will not allow any tenderness or affection to enter or escape, that will not be moved by tears or good advice, IS a wall. It is a defense, a saucy, hard defense. But it doesn't fool you. You can see in this fat little girl a keen sensitiveness. Her parents don't show her the love she has a right to. So she is going to punish them!

Forget She's Fat?

The policeman too. That's why she robbed his house. She wanted to make a monkey out of him because he pushed her around. And the kids? She's showed them now. She's done something "big and bold and daring." She even got arrested! They don't love her either, but maybe they'll admire her now. Maybe they'll forget she's so fat and clumsy.

You watch the girl being taken away. She offers no resistance, in spite of the rebellion in her face. You don't like to look at her . . . but somehow you just can't take your eyes off her.

As she passes, she looks at you. Suddenly you feel hot. Her eyes! Her awful eyes! They are accusing you. They say, "You didn't love me! YOU didn't love me!"

The black unimpressive door closes and the fat little girl is gone. You sit back in your seat again. Why is the girl so important to you? Why do you feel so badly—or is the word guilty?

Yes. You do feel guilty. In fact you ARE guilty. That day in the park—you could have helped her. You could have taken her hand maybe and bought her an ice-cream, and talked to her and made her laugh . . . or something. You should have. Supposing it had been Christ they were calling names . . . No! Not supposing! It WAS Christ! He was being mocked again, just like He was mocked and spat upon at Calvary!

But you stood by and just watched. Now you see your folly. Because you didn't show love, Christ was crucified in this fat little girl. It mustn't happen again! Oh God! It won't happen again.

Christ will teach you to love. He will teach you to show it. And maybe when the fat little girl gets out . . .

"It's never too late," you think you hear Christ say, "it's never too late to show My little ones My love."

PRIEST ON FIRE COMES

(Continued from Page One)

AND I PRAY THAT YOU MAY PLACE SO SMALL A THING . . . SO TINY A TOKEN OF MY LOVE FOR HIM . . . INTO HIS SACRED HEART!

BIG OR SMALL, IT IS A LOVE THAT GREW OUT OF "THE VISION OF THE WHOLE" . . . YOU GAVE US ALL . . . ON THAT BLISTERING DARK DAY OF MARCH—SO LONG AGO!

One more thing, Father Virgil. Ask the **BLINDING FLAME OF LOVE IN WHICH YOU NOW DWELL TO SEND MORE TONGUES OF FIRE, LIKE YOU, ON THIS COLD EARTH . . . PRIESTS BURNING WITH ZEAL FOR SOULS . . . FLAMES OF HIS DIVINE LOVE . . . PRIESTS THAT HAVE BUT ONE DESIRE . . . TO BE OTHER CHRIST!**

WE NEED THEM IN THE MARKET PLACE, DESPERATELY!

"I Am The Resurrection"

By Rev. John T. Callahan

A young man gazed into a fresh grave. And in agony of spirit he demanded: "O God, is there a hereafter? Will I ever see her again? O, if I could be sure; if only someone, somewhere, someplace, had come back from beyond the grave to let us know, to tell us, to make us sure."

The Holy Spirit has written, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe, if one rise again from the dead."

The Deaf Heavens

Throughout the ages mankind has voiced this call to the seemingly unhearing heavens. And throughout the ages a calm, firm, soothing and sure voice has answered and taught and preached that there is a hereafter, that there is a resurrection. It is the voice of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, teaching her children to say that ancient formula, "I believe in the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting. Amen." But from whence does she get this knowledge that she proffers to men?

The answer is, "From God." Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died, and was buried. The third day He arose again from the dead, by His own power, by the power of God. Thus through the religion and teaching instituted by Him man knows with divine certainty of the hereafter, of life everlasting. And it was especially by means of the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ that we know, and are made sure.

He Himself pointed to it as an unmistakable sign of His mission, for when the Jews asked a sign of Him, He said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will rebuild it." Saint John adds, "But He spoke of the temple of His body."

How Do We Know?

How do we of today know Christ lived? How do we know Christ died and arose? In turn I ask, "How do you know that there was a Julius Caesar, and that he waged wars?" The correct answer would be, "History tells us." And how does history know? From authentic documents, and personal witnesses who know what they are talking about, and who tell the truth—witnesses endowed with knowledge and veracity.

Did Caesar have such? Of a certainty he did. Did Christ? Yea, and even more so than Caesar. There is today more authentic historical testimony as to Christ's existence, life and deeds and death, than there are for all of Caesar's wars. Four biographers told His tale. Twelve contemporary companions died for Him. Hundreds saw Him alive. Hundreds saw Him die. And, Saint Paul tells us, hundreds, in a group, saw Him alive after death. Thousands and tens of thousands have died for Him, and millions profess His name. Yea, truly Christ lived, and today no one of import denies His life among men.

But did He die? Our trustworthy witnesses tell us He did, and how He did. A Roman scourging. An affair so serious that it is known that

men died from it alone. Buffeting. Blows. Bruises. Spittle. Slaps. Thorn-torn brow. Carrying of the cross. And consummation!

Open nail-holes that for three hours drained the life blood with each pulse of a loving heart. Surety of the soldiers, the callous uncaring witnesses of many deaths. "He is dead. No need to break his legs, to make sure." A lance for His side—to drain that last, that very last drop of blood. And the loving surety of devoted disciples who would not bury their Lord if there remained a spark of life in Him. Christ truly died.

Where Is The Proof?

But did He rise? Yes, the Lord has risen from the dead. Things, men, angels—and God—tell us that. Things . . . the folded linen wrapping-cloth lying in the empty tomb, the empty tomb itself, the scattered money of His enemies trying to buy an impossible silence. Men . . . the stricken guards, the women bearing spices, Mary Magdalen, Peter, the twelve. Angels . . . "He is not here, He is risen. Behold the place where they laid Him." And God, Jesus Christ, in His sound, hale, healed, glorified body, convincing Thomas of His reality, breaking bread at Emmaus, consoling, preaching, strengthening still, so forming hearts that they would bring a world back to His sacred feet.

We know that Christ was, that Christ lived, that Christ died, that Christ lived again. Because Christ died, we know that He is man. Because Christ rose, we know that He is God.

Jesus Christ rose either through the power of God, and thus is the divine Legate or He rose through His own power, and is God!

Therefore the religion He founded is true. Therefore are His words the words of unchangeable and solid and pure truth. And He has said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life . . ." and, "This is the will of My Father that sent Me, that every one who seeth the Son and believeth in Him may have life everlasting, and I will raise him up in the last day." And, in His most solemn form of declaration, "Amen, amen I say to you, He that believeth in Me hath everlasting life."

Do Not Fear Death

Consequently His true followers, in His true Church, trusting in His words of truth, do not fear death. Witness the millions of martyrs! They do not doubt the hereafter, but knowing birth to be the beginning of death, they also know death to be the beginning of true life.

Upon this fact of life after death they order their whole lives. Hence they do not steal, nor kill, nor blaspheme, nor commit adultery. Hence they prefer to live in poverty, actual or of the spirit. Hence they vow chastity and obedience. Hence they obey the laws of God, Church, and State. Hence they keep themselves, body and soul, a clean and shining moral unit, ready for the sweetest of all invitations, "Come, blessed of My Father, receive the kingdom!"



The Least Of These . . .

By Father J. F. T. Prince

He was a wizened little man with a bedraggled moustache that dropped on either side of his sad, compressed mouth. His trousers were too long for him, his coat too, for the sleeves were turned back and even then I could only see half of the bony little hands that clutched in one an umbrella, very worn and in holes, and in the other a shabby suit case that was held together by a strap.

"Can I see the Father," he said.

"I am the priest," I told him and opened the door knowing somehow that he would not push his way but need to be invited.

The Great Depression

"Can I speak to you?" he inquired and seemed almost taken aback when I said "Yes." I thought of course that he was begging; I had a dozen such in a day to deal with; for the date was 1932, when the lid was off our economics, and cruelty and degradation stank even through the scented somnolence of Suburbia.

Even as he spoke, he put his hand to his head, not suddenly, but with a gesture as if of weariness, then with the other hand he plucked at the air as though he expected to find something hanging there by which he could hoist himself up.

"You are ill?" I said taking hold quickly of the outstretched hand.

With a movement which was as oddly droll as pathetic he sprawled across the floor, crushing a bowler hat that also, I had noticed, was too large for him, spreading asplay his little illshod feet and then, before I could catch him in my arms, he was lying at full length in my hall staring at the ceiling—dead.

I have seen many dead people and not all in their beds and I do not think they ever alarm or unnerve me; but this little man—not only did he not alarm or unnerve me, but the sight of him lying there with that sudden passivity that makes you think of one made silent by a snub—gave me an odd sense rather of sympathy than awe.

The End Of His Story

I picked him up—he was as light as a child, lighter than many—and carried him to the couch in my sitting room. Already I had murmured the words of Absolution over him but I knew that he had finished with his sad life.

He had not grown paler in death, for in life his face had been parchment-coloured, turned on the chin and cheek to ashen by reason of the black-grey bristle that had not been shaved that

day. It was not a mean face but puckered, suggesting preoccupation with the meaner things of life—the meanest of all—the struggle to exist.

But now in death his face wore a strange nobility—the pucker had almost gone, the lips, though parted with the sagging jaw, seemed as though they had been about to say something fine and important but had thought better of it and were about to close again. The eyes, were not quite shut so that when you looked at them thinking they were shut they seemed to open, or, thinking they were open seemed to shut at you and leave you in mystery.

Neither time nor the drabness nor the commonness of it can wash off the impression made on a young priest's mind. He was so common, that drab little man, as to be you or me. He had wanted what we all want, bread; and they had given him stones; he wanted life, and to the end they gave him death. We too, have wanted but to us has been given: We have been given life, the only sort that matters and with it the peace that passes understanding.

Do we, priests and laymen and laywomen (sharing in the priesthood of Christ) long to share again? Really and truly long with the longing of Desperate pity? Am I (in the blunt English of an Elizabethan martyr) "a Dog's body, a very body of Death?" Or am I the good live ferment, bubbling and infecting, irrepressibly self-giving?

And if, just if there's one of the Littlest of our Lord's brethren reading this, forgotten, unwanted (as he thinks) unhallowed, then with all my soul I beg him to remember that he at least is sharing—sharing his agony with the poor man of Galilee, who for us was agonized in the garden.

MADONNA HOUSE PLAN

(Continued from Page One)

Such great saints as John Brebeuf, and the other martyrs, have blessed the region abundantly. It is right and just they should be remembered in the chapel.

Who Can Say No?

We say to ourselves that martyrs walked through here once; and other martyrs may walk in their footsteps—despite the fact that centuries of rain and snow and sleet and falling leaves and shifting rocks and forest fires have obliterated all traces of those holy feet. We expect to honor the Jesuit martyrs, somehow, in the chapel. And we hope to imitate them, in our own small way. That is, we hope to imitate their virtues, their love of God and Mary, their obedience, constancy, fortitude, poverty, cheerfulness, and hope, and their great love of their neighbors. You

see, though we are ordinary lay people, we are missionaries too. We are lay missionaries serving God and neighbor.

If you would like to help us in our missionary work, in our building this chapel of the Immaculate Conception, in our making this enduring prayer to God and Mary, in our gathering of flowers for the Queen of Heaven, you are most welcome.

We would not deny you the privilege of helping to honor Mary with us, of praying with us, of sharing her love with us. Come up and grab a shovel or a pickaxe or a wheelbarrow. Or send us whatever you can spare, marking it for our "Mary's Chapel Fund." Send all contributions to Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario, Canada. God and Mary will remember them . . . and you.



PEACE
BE TO YOU
ALLELUIA

For Daily Communion

In an effort to broaden the practice of receiving Holy Communion daily, and thereby help restore the world to Christ, Rev. Jerome F. O'Hara, and others, with the consent and approbation of Archbishop Edward F. Hoban of Cleveland, have organized the Society of Daily Communicants.

They invite all Catholics to become members. There are no dues, assessments, or routine meetings. Fr. O'Hara declares, and all the members share daily in the society's co-operative Communion intentions. Members' names are inscribed in a Golden Book of Daily Sacramental and Spiritual Communicants, which is kept on the altar of the Sacred Heart at the Church of the Conversion of St. Paul.

Further information, and literature, may be obtained by writing the Society of Daily Communicants, National Headquarters, Church of the Conversion of St. Paul, Euclid Av. at E. 40th St., Cleveland 3, Ohio.

Friendship House Summer School of Catholic Action

Are you looking for a vacation with a purpose? A different vacation? A thoroughly Catholic vacation? If so, why not write for a prospectus for our Summer School of Catholic Action?

Unusual? — Yes indeed! Different? — Yes indeed! Thoroughly Catholic? — Yes indeed! Purposeful? — Yes indeed!

Interested in details? Please write to Miss Marie T. Langlois, Madonna House, Combermere, Ont., Canada. A post card will bring you all the details. But please keep in mind one thing. Write NOW. Last year we had to refuse many . . . and we hate to do that. Acceptance is strictly on priority of application. So write NOW. We will be so glad to hear from you.

Hidden Hunger

By J. G. Sillick

Saints are shod in darkness, Where sinners scarcely look, Between the musty bindings of The prayer and Missal book. And scarcely would we find them, Except by chance, we look And find one walking—unconfined (Beneath a bower of houses) My loving wife—My Cook!

The Lady of This House

"O, sweet and gentle Lady, Immaculate Mother of God, We choose Thee to be our Mistress, Our Lady of this house. Guard it, dear Mother, from pestilence, Fire, lightning, and tempests, From schisms and heresies, From depradation of burglars and the malice of enemies. Protect its inmates, Sweet Mary. Watch over their goings out and their comings in. Preserve them from sudden death. Keep us from all sin and harm, and Pray for us to God that we may Live in His service and Depart this life in His grace. Amen."

Let Us Sing

If I caress you, sing
I am there;
If I try you, sing
I am closer;
If I crucify you, still sing
We are on the same cross;
Let your life be thus
A SONG OF LOVE.

"GOLGOTHA"

By Thomas Callahan

They flung Him, pegged, in-
to the sky.
A worm, no man, to drain
and die.
Earth's eye slewed off,
Heav'n's ear turn'd way,
As seized the slain, the
slayer's day.

What Herod wished for
Mary's Babe,
His clothes off stript, a quick
knife's glide,
Was all well done on Cal-
vary
Where hope they ripped His
clothes and side.

Happy Tears

This was written by a young Catholic matron to her father, on hearing that he had at last come into the Church, and that he was to be baptized and make his First Communion.

Dear Dad: Words will not express my feelings. All I can say is that when I read your letter I just stood and cried, and I guess that will indicate the full impact of your wonderful news. May I say, Daddy dear, that because of the wonderful and grand father you are, our dear Lord could not possibly have kept His abundant grace and light from you much longer? I'm sure you know through all these years prayers have been bombarding heaven with the intention that if it were His holy will you would know and love the one true faith. I only wish I could have been with you . . . so that we, as a family, could have received His holy Body and Blood as one.

Here I am weeping my heart out and ever so happy for you. I know mother must be so elated she has hardly come down to earth. I can only say that through her wonderful example and perseverance this great day has been achieved. I know you know this. And maybe we have passed too few bouquets her way. I'm sure she knows the great debt of gratitude and love we owe her for her ever steadfast spiritual guidance. It is implanted so deeply within us all, including you, that any animosities we might meet can be overcome by our Faith. I shall offer my Mass and Communion Sunday as a thanksgiving to the One Omnipotent God for the grace He has bestowed on you and yours. Love . . .



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